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Bold CHALLENGE

To the Whole

Colledge of Physicians, &c.

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To the Whole

Colledge of Physicians:

O. R.

A Defence of those Practitioners in
Physick commonly call'd Quacks, namely
Dr. M---tin, Dr. M---re, Dr. V---k---s,
Dr. W---t---s, Dr. T---l---g, Dr. Th---n---b,
Dr. Anodyne Necklace. Cum multis alijs,
both Doctors, and Doctoresse.

Likewise a Vindication of many Eminent Piss-
Prophets, Astrologers, Conjurers, both Male
and Female, from the Aspersions cast upon
them by a late Author. ~~the author is a Fool~~

*Pudet hac Opprobria Nobis,
Et dici Potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*

L O N D O N:

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(Price One Shilling.)

BOLD CHALLENGE

To the World

College of Physicians

The Reader, if he pleases may Correct
the following Errors.

- P**AGE 4. for barricaded *read* barricado'd
p. 4. l. 8. for inviron *read* Environ
p. 5. l. 14. for opprobrius *read* opprobrious
p. 5. l. 19. for Receipe *read* Recipe
p. 6. l. 22. for son *read* sons
p. 7. l. 6. for faudo *read* fando
p. 11. l. 18. for he *read* this
p. 11. l. 27. for Fabularum Chordulia *read* Fibu-
larum Chordulâ
p. 12. l. 6. for Gentlemen *read* Gentleman
p. 12. l. 32. for Irronically *read* Ironically
p. 14. l. 12. for tell *read* roll
p. 14. l. 17. for Tool *read* Fool
p. 19. l. 24. for herangues *read* harangues.



THE
PREFACE

THE Printer tells me that it is not Usual, nor Handsome, to step just out of the Title-Page into the Book itself, without the Ceremony of a short Preface ; and seeing he must have One , I'll take Care that it shall be

The P R E F A C E.

be short, and that for this Conscientious Reason, because I have here but little to say. If the Reader Loves Sugar-Plums, he expects to be called Kind, Courteous, and Benevolent, but to tell him the Truth, if I use such Endearing Terms; it must be upon Good Grounds: So that He and I must be better Acquainted first. Nor do I care a pin whether I obtain his Favour or Frown; for if one Man doth not like the Entertainment here Provided, it is Ten to One but another doth; for I scarce ever knew a silly Writer, that had not a silly Reader for him ready Cut and Dry'd. But if no Body Buys this Offspring of my Brain, which by the way is Contrary to my Expectation, I'll give you my Word, and

THE PREFACE.

and Honour, that I'll be the Father of no more such Children.

Let it be an Everlasting Shop-Keeper with Divinity - Pamphlets ; or if that doth not please the Book-seller, let him deliver it up to the Pastry-Cook, to be put under his Mince-Pies, and Custards, and that will Administer some small Comfort to the Author, that his Book is still useful that way ; This hath been the Fate of other Learned Authors before me.

Solamen Miseris socios habuisse--

If you ask the Design of the Undertaking, perhaps it was a whim, for Maggots will Bite notwithstanding the Landable Endeavours of Mr. Moore, with his Powders to the Contrary,

The PREFACE.

ry, and perhaps it was something
more ; therefore pray Read the Book.
For further , this Deponent saith
not.





A Bold
CHALLENGE

To the Whole

Colledge of Physicians, &c.

IT is evident I think beyond all Dispute, that there are Quacks in all Professions, and among all Sorts of People, or if you please one side would willingly have the other reputed so; for every one that would be thought Wise himself, is ready to put a Fool's Cap upon his Brothers Head. If you look among the Tribe of Levi, you'll find amongst them some that deserve the afore-said Character; such as are meer Dablers in Divinity that squeeze a poor Text unmercifully and make it speak what it never intended, that draw Consequences as wide as that

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mention'd by Dr. Wilkins. *Tobit went out, and his Dog went after him, ergo, there is a World in the Moon*: Yea, Consequences not only different from the meaning of the Place, but as Opposite to it, as the two Poles are to one another.

If you look among the Limbs of the Law, you'll find Quacks strutting in their long Robes in *Westminster-Hall*; I mean such as are meer *Petty-Foggers*, horrid splitters of Causes; trust them with the Management of a good Cause, and it is a hundred to one, but they will break the Neck on't, or at least put it so far out of Joynt, that all the Art of Man shall never be able to set it right.

If you look among the Soldiers, I confess, I chiefly mean the City Heroes, that on *Whitsun* holy Days appear in Buff; they seem to be Arm'd with Thunder and Lightning, and one would take them for Men that would spread Terror and Death wherever they came; every one looks as fierce as *St. George* upon the Sign, and is able to Eat up a Dragon, and yet under this terrible Appearance, under the *Lyon's Skin* there lies a harmless Animal, call'd an *Ass*, being destitute of both Courage and Conduct, and fit to be sent upon no other Expedition, than to cut down Beef and Pudding.

If you look among the Coffee-House Politicians, there you'll find the most rampant Quackery; one while a Grocer steps from behind

hind the Counter in his blew Apron, puts himself at the Head of an Army of Fifty Thousand Men, attacks the Spaniards in Sicily, gives them a total Rout, enters Madrid in Triumph; ravishes the golden Treasures of Peru; but before he can finish the glorious Campaign, his Neighbour wants him for a pound of Plums for his Sunday Pudding.

If you have Leisure and Inclination to Converse with some Town Bullies, it will be diverting enough to hear them relate their mighty Atchievements; one hath Fought a Duel with a warlike Knight, disarm'd him, cut off his Thumb, and carried it in his Pocket about a Fortnight together for a Tobacco-stopper: Another hath fought two Captains of the Guards at a Time; and made the one to beg his Life, and t'other to run away: Whereas in Truth this mighty Man never drew his Sword but to frighten a Cripple, or to cut a Link-boy over the Pate. Another leaves a Bill in the Key-hole of his Chamber Door to let People understand, that came to enquire for him, that he was gone to meet a Gentleman behind Montague or Southampton House.

*Gone where Honour calls,
Behind Southampton Walls,
Return by Five,
If alive. ———*

Whereas in Reality he lay snoring in his Bed at the same time, and though he had Challeng'd no Body, and no Body had Challeng'd him; yet

such was the Misfortune that this Imaginary Duel ran so much in his Head, that he was not a little frightened with it, and tho' he had barricaded his Doors and Windows for fear of an Attack; yet when he got up somewhat was found in his Bed, that should not have been there. In a word, he made his Chamber Strong, in more Senses than one.

*How many Dangers do Inviron
The Man that meddles with cold Iron!*
Hudibras.

Now Reader, I look upon all these Doughty Fellowsto be no better then Quacks in their way; Pretenders to far greater Things then they are able to perform: And let me tell thee one word in thy Ear, if there were not Quack Authors too, somebody had never Appear'd upon the Stage. I hope there is none that will think, I mean my self, for I assure him I design to be the last that shall fall under my own Censure. But if I must be rang'd in that order, I see no Remedy unless I assume a new Title, and it is contrary to my Principles to Christen my Child twice. Now by what hath been said, it appears methinks, to be very hard that the Quack Doctors alone should be made the Butt of this Man's Fury. * When Quackery is so easie to be found among all sorts of Men; nay, let me tell him, that, according to the Description he hath given of it, one need not

* The Author of the Book call'd the Modern Quack, &c.

not go with a Candle and Lanthorn to find out Quacks in the very College of Physicians. But it is high time that I should now come to the Chief Things that I design to offer to his Perusal. Accordingly, I will first, vindicate the Quacks as far as I can from the Aspersions of this Author. In this undertaking, I find that I must draw my Pen in Defence of the Dead as well as the Living. I cannot bear to see him Prophanely trample upon the Ashes of the late Eminent Dr. *William Salmon*, as if they were no more then Common Dust. He calls him indeed the King of the Quacks; but withal takes the Liberty to give him very Opprobrious Language; and you know that Men are wont now a days to make very free with the Character of Kings. Had the Doctor been alive he had answer'd him with a Cart-load of Books. I have met with many others that call him an Injudicious Collector of *Receipe's*, and one of the most *Bombast* Scriblers that ever wrote, and that if one will read his Nonsense to the Proportion of a due Dose, it will go near to prove either *Emetick* or *Cathartick*, purge him either upwards or downwards, or perhaps both; but after all he that nibbles at his Memory will rather break his own Teeth then do it any Damage, his Credit is so well establish'd among great numbers of the Modern Practitioners. The many Volumes that bear his Name are a Standing Monument to it; and when they were but meer Translations out of other Languages, he took care to tell us in the Title Page that they were written by *William Salmon, M. D.* and so they were, for Truth is Truth. As for his own Compositions they were so deep, that few, or none, had the Sense

Sense to value them : This appears by the Judgment that a Celebrated Physician pass'd upon one of them which afterward came to be sold by that Arch Wag *Millington* at a Publick Sale, where the Doctor was present : Here says the Auctioneer is Doctor *Salmon's Doron Medicum* with Dr. *Baynard's* Notes upon't. This set the old Man agog, and made him resolve to have it, cost what it would ; (one great Man you know must needs be pleas'd that another hath done him that Honour) so he bid for't again and again, till at last he carried it from all the Company, the Book went off at double the Price, because of the Excellent Notes that were added to it, but when he came to examine into them, he found them to be much shorter then he expected, viz. *I have read over this Book, and on my Conscience it is not worth a Fart.* Thus he despis'd the Doctor, and piss'd on his Works ; but we have those that know how to value them, and no wonder, for he hath been indeed a true Friend to the Son, of *Æsculapius*, a good Milch-Cow to abundance of the Modern Calves : All their Learning, especially in the Alamode Disease, is from his Performances, and if the Old Man had happen'd to have carried his Books to the Grave with him, not a few had gone on to serve their Country in the Capacity of *Ballad-Singers*, and *Merry-Andrews*, who now (being able to read his Translations) are nothing less then Doctors, as you may plainly see by their Bills upon every *Pissing-Post*. Well, *Salmon* has long since left us, that old Enemy to Arts and Sciences, to Doctors and Patients, hath carried him from us, and no Mortal can tell whither ;

ther; his Friends indeed with Grief do acknowledge that as he lived with a W—— and not with his Wife, gave all to the former, and nothing to the latter; he seemed to take the left-hand way at parting.

—— *Quis talia fando
Temperet à Lachrymis!*

But where-ever he is, the Devil is in't if Dr. R—— is not with him. But let us now leave old *Salmon's Bones* that are mingled with those of his Patients, that he had sufficiently pick'd in his Life time, and let us come to the Living.

And here that we may not break through the Rules of good Manners we shall give the Precedency to Dr. *Anodine Necklace*, and he may justly claim it, being as our Author intimates a Priest of the Holy Roman Church, but yet he doth not treat him with that Regard that the Holy Father might expect from him, whereas, if he consider'd that he carries the Keys of Life and Death in some sort at his Girdle, it would soon silence his Prating, and make his unruly Tongue retire within his Teeth. Our Author pretends to Ridicule the Story of St. *Hugh's Bones*, that as soon as they were hung about Children's Necks, two or three swanking Teeth did immediately pop out of the Gums, this he looks upon as *Papish Trumpery*, and is ready to say, that the Bones of an old Horse that dies in a Dunghil will signifie just as much in the present Case, but I can tell him

as I am inform'd, that the *Good Women* and *Wise Nurses* in some Foreign Parts have 'em in far greater Esteem then ours have their *Coral's* to rub Childrens Gums with; and if all the little Bones of that kind that are abroad upon this Good Service, could be Collected together, they would be found too great a Cargo for the largest *Caravan*. By which we may easily gather that *St. Hugh* was a very Considerable Man in his Time.

Something of the same kind *Dr. Fuller* tells us in his *Ecclesiastical History*, that Formerly in this Kingdom the Teeth of a certain Saint were reckon'd to be an Excellent Remedy against the Tooth-Ach; so that almost every good Woman that was Subject to that Pain, had a *Tooth* hanging at her Girdle. The Priest who Sold them, made a good penny of them; having now found out a way with other Men's Teeth to bite the People, insomuch that to put an end to the Superstition, and Abuse, they were all called in by Authority; and accordingly so many were brought in as would easily fill a Vessel of about a Tun: Whence the *Historian* observes, that if her Stomach (for I think it was a *She-Saint*) was answerable to her Teeth, a whole Country could hardly afford her a Meals Meat.

But to return to my Subject, our Author hath shew'd himself so great a *Heretick*, that he defies a *Papish* Saint as he doth the Devil and all his Works. *St. Hugh* is no more with him, *Horresco referens*, then any Common

Hugh,

Hugh, no more I was going to say, if it may not be an offence to him, then *Hugh Hopley*, Clark of St. *Andrews*, especially if the latter hath got him in his Parish and seeing the Case is thus, is it any wonder that he laughs at the Celebrated Necklace, that comes forth under the Protection and Blessing of the Saint aforesaid? Now that my Reader may not be in the Dark, it will be convenient to set before him some few of the many Vertues of these Wonder-working *Beads*: The Reverend Father himself hath told us, in many *Advertisements* that he hath Publish'd for the Publick Good; that great Numbers of Children have been recovered from very Dangerous Circumstances, by the wearing of them: *Cramps*, *Head-Achs* and *Convulsions* have been chased away: If you tye this *Necklace* (says he) about the Child's Neck, it will make it with Pleasure to Cut it's Teeth; if you tye it about the Thigh of a Woman in Labour, it will make her with ease to bring forth; and why mayn't I add a Word or two in it's Commendation: It will quiet a Squawling Brat, even when the Nurse hath left a pin or two up to the Hilt in its Back-side: It may be us'd with great Success to Children grown up when troubled with kib'd Heels, Scald Heads, or Snotty Noses: And though the Author doth particularly recommend it to Women and Children, yet it may be used with great Advantage by the Men, also tye it to the Hand, or Foot, and it will Cure the *Gout*; apply it to the Fundament, and it will Cure the *Piles*; so that there is not a more Universal Remedy then this Necklace

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except that which at a certain Time and Place is made use of by *Jack-Ketch*. By Vertue of that Occult Quality with which he hath endued it in his Elaborate System, he might easily have made it to have Cur'd the *Pox*: But the Holy Father hath another very Precious Remedy for that, which he calls *Specifick*, and which he Sells for a Guinea a Pot, and it will cost you but a Guinea more at the *Apothecaries* for a Jumble of Things that you are to take with it, and that will doe the Business (If there be any truth in *Verbo Sacerdotis*) as round as a Hoop: As for those that say, they have try'd it and that a two penny dose of *Pill Cochia* would have done much Good, we matter it not; What will you believe your own Experience before the Sacred Word of the Man of God.

N. B. This *Specifick* he tells you, is very good for Broken Constitutions; though the Author of the following Lines will scarce believe it.

It is Drink and Lust that doth our Health destroy,
And brings the Man to soon upon the Boy;
Repeated Bumpers, and repeated Pox,
Two fatal Earthquakes, that our Fabrick Shocks,
For when a Constitution broke and gone,
Tis rarely seen it ever doth return.

But to return to the Necklace; who would be without such a valuable Relick that has but a Crown-piece to purchase it? When so many Diseases as you have heard, are no more
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able to stand before it, then the Devil is able to stand before Holy-Water. Besides all that hath been said in its Praise; there is this further to be considered that the late Dr. Paul Chamberlain hath Recommended it to us: The good Father, I assure you, was brought to Bed of a Necklace, by a Man-Midwife, and however it might be with him at the bringing forth, I am fully satisfied that he hath had a good Time of it since, for Thousands of Gold and Silver (if Common Fame be not a Lyar) flow'd in upon him, so that whatever help it has contributed to Childrens Teeth, to Cut their way through the Gums, it is a plain case that it has enabled his own Teeth to Cut very merrily through the Richest Dainties that the Town can Afford. He puts me in mind of the saying of a Cardinal that was grown vastly Rich by the Profession of Christianity; when he believ'd as much of it, as our Modern Operator doth of the vertues of his String of Beads. *Hæc quantas Divitias peperit nobis fabula illa de Christo!* The Priest may take up the Words of the Cardinal with a little variation changing.

Fabula illa de Christo — into

Fabula illa de Fabularum Chordulia.

But what says our Author of old Chamberlains Recommending it; there I think we have him with a Dead doing Argument, he tells us that a Phyician of his Acquaintance asked the Doctor why he brought such a scandal on his Profession by setting his Name

to such a piece of R—— he answer'd that it was a harmless Thing, that did neither good nor hurt, that it pleased Peoples Humours that is, according to the old saying; *Si Populus vult decipi decipiatur*. Others tell us, that the old Gentlemen was then in his Dotting Age, and very prone to run into such Delusions. And that for a Parcel of yellow Boys, he would have Recommended a Pig's Tail for the like Intentions.

I am sensible that the Holy Father is charg'd with Extortion, for selling his two penny Bawbles, as some are pleas'd to call them, for five Shillings, when the selling of them for Six-pence, would bring in very Reasonable Gains; but alas these Random Twatlers don't consider the Charge of Advertisements in all the Paultry Papers of the Town, in order to gain new Customers; for the old ones never come any more; abundance of People don't know what is good for them above Once.

I have dwelt the longer upon the Character of this Famous Doctor; because I think that he hath carried the jest further than any Man ever did before him. But now I hope I have set him *rectus in curiâ* let him see to it, that he *be rectus in Conscientiâ* too.

After our Author had a little roughly handled on Ecclesiastick of the Church of Rome, he hath a Fling at a Clergyman of the Church of England. He calls him Ironically the Chast and

and Modest Mr. *V—rs* who it seems with an old Wives Receipt Cures the Evil as infallibly as the Royal Touch can do it; and it is hard to tell whether *Manus Regia* or *Vickeriana* is the Greater *Specifick*, but out of Regard to the Gown I am not willing to expose this Gentleman, as he doth his Character,

The next we shall present you with is Doctor *P—L—* formerly a Shoe-maker in *Black Fryars*; though some say he was reckon'd no more then a Cocker at his Original Trade. And to this Day some unlucky Boys will be running after him crying,

Stichite Coblero Catambish, Catambish.
Catastampo — — —

Sometime ago, this Worthy Artificer was imploy'd in making Shoes, and his Wife, good Woman assisted in making Feet for them, so that in the Compass of three Years they had Stich'd out two pairs of Children and an odd one; and there at any Time you might have your belly full of Matrimonial Musick, one bawling for bread, and another screaming for Cheese. But the Doctor for so I must now call him, would Learnedly tell them *non est inventus*; and by the help of this *Latin* Sentence he very deservedly gain'd the Love and Esteem of most of his Neighbours, especially of the old Women who knew best how to value Men of Letters. Thus being fix'd in their good Opinion

nion he had the Wit to make the proper use of it, for you know it is a great Matter for a Phyfician to have the good Opinion of his Patients : He throws away Sir. *Hugh's* Bones, and prepares Pills, Powders and Plaiſters, and deals them out to his Customers boldly and bravely, and he that before could never put out his Noſe at his little Hatch, but ſome ſnarling Creditor was ready to ſnap it off, the poor Man not having a Six-penny piece that he could call his own, can now ſell in Mony every Day that he Riſes ; and Mony you know will make the Pot Boil though the Devil ſhould piſs in the Fire. This puts me in mind of that Maxim in Politicks. He that will not be a Knave the World will make a Tool of him ! It is objected indeed that this ſame Mony of his is the Price of Blood for many poor Wretches are daily ſent to Regions of Darkneſs by this Cobler in Medicine. Nor can it poſſibly be otherwiſe for moſt Times he apparently Miſtakes the Caſe, and then there is no hopes of a Cure, at other Times, if he hits the caſe. He applies improper Remedies or gives unfuitable Doſes take it either way, it is two to one, that he gives the Patient a Civil liſt into another World. This puts me in Mind of another Medicaſter who was apply'd to in behalf of a Man that was far gone in a Conſumption, the Oracle told the Meſſenger that he muſt empty him well by way of Preparation and thereupon an unconſcionable Doſe of Horſe-Aloes was Adminiſhed, which ſcower'd the Spindle-legged Patient to ſome tune, and made

made his Guts rattle as a Hog doth a Holly Bush, when he rushes through it; the Messenger waiting on the Doctor for further Advice in the matter, was order'd to repeat the Dose, and to empty him again and again, soon after news was brought him that the poor Man died in the Operation; why then, says he, you have emptyed him too much, the Case was plain, who could pronounce upon it any better, now this was as certain a way of doing Business as if he had shot up his Fundament with Powder and Ball.

The next that shall Share in our Vindication is Doctor *Theo. Th---n---ll*, Seventh Son of a Seventh Son, Sworn Servant of his present Majesty King *George*, as he was of her Late Majesty Queen *Anne*. He hath Cured, as you may see plainly by his daily Advertisements, above two Thousand of the *King's-Evil*; and if it had not been for his Modesty, when his Hand was in, he might have made it forty Thousand; some Hundreds he'll tell you he hath Cured by barely Stroking them with his Hand, when he was but a quarter Old. God Almighty, as he says, hath given him such a wonderful Gift. Many other very Pompous Articles do enter his Character, which are no sooner said then believ'd; for nothing is too big for the wide swallow of the gaping Mob; so great is the Power of one K—ve over a Crowd of Fools. But if there be any that can stand their Ground against the clear Evidence of the Doctor's Words, we'll soon knock them down with *Depositions*. He hath
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two or three *Affidavits* before as many Lord Mayors, that Clear up his Great Abilities and Successes beyond Contradiction. He'll Cure you the Pox, Leprosie, and the Itch, and make you as clean as a Penny, at least in the Pocket. He hath a Water that he calls his *Optthalmia* (no matter for his calling the Remedy by the name of the Disease) that will Cure even Blindness it self, in witness of this he prудuces an *Affidavit* of an old Woman before Sr. *William Lewin*, that he Cur'd her when she was so Blind that she could not see the Sun, though it shone never so bright, so that she swears two things, first, that the Sun shone very bright; secondly, that she could not see it. It is pleasant to observe how he stands attended in *Covent-Garden-Market*, with his Trumpeter and Merry-Andrew by his side haranguing the Credulous Mob out of his Booby Hutch. His Garments are lac'd with Silver and Gold or something like it, as his Advertisements, are with *Latin* and *Greek*, *ἰατρικὴ καὶ ἀντισπασμωδική*, &c, *Tinctura nostrum*. *Talentum in agre non est absconditum*. He Cures the *French Disease*, he says without *Uction*, or *Fumigation*, or *Bolus* given *Internally*, his *Bolus's* it seems are all given *Externally*, he tells you that he hath been above twenty Years abroad in *Domestick* and *Exterior Parts* of the World: doubtless if he had not been a Traveller, he could not have been so Polite a Man, see what a fine thing it is for a Physician to Travel abroad in *Demestick Parts*. It is too late now to find any fault with these Sentences; for just as they are, they have past the Brunt of perhaps a hundred Impressions,

pfections, *Latin* and *Greek*, do bubble out of
 his Mouth as water out of a Spring ; nor
 is it any Objection to say that he never
 Learn'd them and could never yet read them,
 for as sure as he hath the Gift of *Healing*,
 so hath he also the Gift of *Tongues* ; neither
 is it any Objection, that he doth not under-
 stand plain *English*, that his Advertisements
 abound with Faults even in his *Mother's Tongue*,
 that in ten Lines there are near twenty blun-
 ders, for that was done with this very De-
 sign to let you see, that he can break through
 Grammar-Rules, even as a great Humble-Bee
 through the Slender Cobwebs. He cares no
 more for *Lilly* then *Lilly* cares for him ; if he
 breaks *Priscian's* Head, there's not a fitter
 Man to give him a Plaister : Nor is it Ma-
 terial for any to Cavil that this worthy
 Man is but a *private Centinel* in the first
 Regiment of Foot-Guards, and always doing
 Duty in his Turn, that hath thus given him-
 self the Title of a Doctor ; for he knew his
 own Merits and so could do it, better then
 any other ; and I wish that Forty more of his
 Comrades would Commence Physicians and
 were equally Furnished with Powders and
 Pills in their Pouches and Brass in their Fore-
 heads, and withal that they had the College
 License, to practice only among his Majesties
 Enemies ; I am horribly mistaken, if they
 would not make a much greater Execution,
 with these Arms, then a whole Regiment with
 the Usual Weapons.

Let us now come to the Black Cobler of *Aldgate*, who Commonly stands opposite to him in the same Market, who now for some Years hath been an Eminent Practitioner in Physick. He was a Man (as envy it self must allow) of very Considerable Merit in his Original Business. None had greater success in the Cure of those Distempers, whether internal or external, that are Subject to Shoes, Boots and Splatterdashes than himself. He had likewise arriv'd to great Knowledge in the Cure of Broken-winded-Bellows and Buckskin-Breeches; and as for decayed Cloggs and Pattens, he had a *Nostrum* by which he hath Cur'd many a pair that were given over by others as incurable: In a Word, he very justly bore away the Bell from all the Translators of the Neighbourhood, and since he hath found it to be more for the Publick good as well as his own Conveniency, to be a *Doctor* for the *Body*, vast Numbers I assure you of Shoes and Boots in those Parts have Perish'd for want of proper Remedies; or at least have been great sufferers in the hands of Ignorant Pretenders. My good Friend having taken his leave of his former Mechanick Employment, is now I am told very eager in the laudable pursuit of Learning, and it is not doubted but that he will in time arrive to that Perfection as to be able to read, for he can spell well already. His Talent doth not lye in a Multitude of Words, nor in Volubility of Speech.

The other Doctor hath Tongue enough for twenty pair of Chops, but this speaks not much oftner then a Clock Strikes, once an Hour; and yet gets more Mony by Roman-cing with his Tongue as slow as it is, then ever he did by Stretching-Leather with his Teeth. You may see him if you think fit, every Morning upon a black Steed, which some say, was as well Skill'd in Literature as his Rider, till of late, and though *Jack-Horse*, as he calls him hath not so good a Faculty of speaking as *Balaams Ass*; yet as far as appears he is not Inferior to him in point of understanding. He can Eat what his Master Eats, and tofs off his Pot as well as he, he can go from Stall to Stall and receive the Charitable Contributions of well disposed People, whether of *Turnips, Carrots or Apples*; yea, so well is he acquainted with the Shops that in Time he may be preferred to be Clark of the Market, and he is as fit for the Place, as the *Roman Emperors Horse* was to be Magistrate of *Rome*.

Sometimes Doctor *Dismal* Herangues the Mob about the great Parts and good Properties of this Horse of his, and with such Stories he holds them as fast by the Ears, as if he had a Trumpet or a Fiddle at their Service. So great is the Sympathy between Fools that they easily find out one another, and when got together, they know not how to part; their Notions of Things, can never quadrate with Wise Men's, but like Exchequer

Tallies, they exactly fit their own Sticks. When he hath got together a sufficient Numbers, he is pleased to open unto them the Singular Vertues of his Pills and Powders, then he shews them the direful *Worms* that he hath fetch'd thereby out of Humane Bodies, some with hundreds of Joynts, and others with as many Feet, some with Heads like Dog's, Tailles like Eel's, and Tongues like Dragon's, some as long almost as her late Highness the Maypole in the Strand, though I confess not altogether so thick, insomuch, that his Brother the *Worm-Doctor* in *Abchurch-Lane*, is but a Fool to him. These Monstrous Vermine he preserves in *Vials*, having one of them hanging at every Button of his Coat, if you view him at a distance, you'll go near to mistake him for an *Apothecaries Rack*, that's stuck all about with Bottles, now, wherever these Dead-doing Animals were ingender'd, whether in the Fat and Filthy Ditches of this Town which some think is the more likely, or in the Fatter and Filthier Paunches of it's inhabitants, it must be acknowledg'd a very happy thing thus to have them in *Salvâ Custodiâ*.

Face about to another *Horse-Doctor*, and one of the Leaders and Fathers of Gang, I mean old W—s as well known as the spotted Horse he rides upon, He is now himself a kind of a Sumpter Horse to his own Infirmities, having a great Load of Diseas'd Flesh upon his Back, his Bones being fill'd with the Sins of his Youth: When he displays the

Pox

Fox with its pernicious Consequences to the Credulous Mob, methinks he doth it very feelingly; he hath been a Practitioner in the Suburbs of this Great City, for several Years together, and Doubtless hath releas'd many a one in that time from Mortal Bondage; and when I see him Mounted and Ready Equip'd for his Work with the fatal Instruments of his Calling in his Budget, it puts me in mind of that in the Revelation, *Death Riding on a Pale Horse*. For whom he seems to Act as an under Officer. But I'll have done with him because he also seems to be near Concluding.

In the next place, let's make a visit if you please to honest *J. Cock* a noted Doctor on *Wapping side*. He fairly owns that he was bred a *Weaver*, in the City of *Norwich*, and that he followed his Trade there in good Reputation among his Friends, till through the Malignity of the Times he was forced to shew them a fair pair of Heels and march for *London*. But here he found the *London Weavers* in as bad a pickle as himself, and ready to eat up one another: For some days he walk'd about from place to place in order to get Work, but by his Rambles he only got a Good Stomach, and when he came home there was nothing to eat; nay, then says *John*, it is high time to call another Cause, down goes the *Weaver* at once and up Springs a *Doctor*; but his Natural Modesty would not suffer him to go through stich with this new Business, he had not yet the Confidence to put out
Bills

Bills, signifying his hard Studies, and many Year's Travels in Foreign Parts, and what excellent *Methods* he had thereby acquir'd for Curing Diseases, and that such a Publication was not for his own *private Interest* but altogether for the *publick Good*, so that for want of a *Laudable Courage* as he calls it to do this, *John* was in a fair way to starve a Second Time; the Man was an able *Physician*, but the Town was not yet blest with the Knowledge of it. Now and then he made a shift to receive a Shilling or so, that he might not quite forget the Colour of it; In short he was brought within an Inch or two of Down-right Beggary. This brings to my mind that passage of the Comedian *Plautus*. *S. Quid tu? Num Medicus es? M. Imò Ædopol una Litera plus quam medicus S. Tum Mendiculus es, M. Rem acu tetigisti.* In those quondam Days poor Cock look'd like a walking Ghost, one would almost have sworn it was two Deal-Boards joyn'd together; But when once he made the World sensible of his Abilities, not by *Advertisements* in our *News-Papers*, but by dispersing Bills with this peculiar *Encomium* of himself, that he could Cure all manner of Diseases, and a *Great many more*; then *Tempora mutantur*, the Clouds scatter'd, the Sky clear'd over his Head, Riches flow'd in upon him pretty well, and so the Cock, that before was as Lean that you could in a manner see through him, having Learn'd this way of scratching for a Livelihood, is as Fat as any Capon, at a Barn-Door.

The next that falls under Consideration is, the *Footman*, near the *Chappel* in *Rassel Court*, in *Drury-Lane*. Who very Civilly and please you, Stiles himself a *Doctor* too; and well he may, seeing his Knowledge in *Physick* is the Fruit of many hard Studies, many tedious *Lucubrations* and of much toil and sweat. I don't say, in Cleaning his Masters Shoes and Boots, in Combing out his Wig, and rubbing down his Horse, no, *Honi soit qui maly pense*. Evil be to him that Evil thinks. I have not seen any Account of this Great Man in our *News-Papers*, he choosing rather to spread his Fame by dispersing Bills, and by sending out *Emissaries* to cry him up in distant Places: For these, you must know are of the same use to him as those *Spaniels* are to Country Sports-Men that start the Game; having thus spread his Net, he plants himself either at his Window or at the *Coffee-House*, a few Doors off, patiently waiting all the day long for the silly Birds to come in; so have I seen the wily *Spider* having finish'd his *Web*, retire within his hole watching for the Prey. He is not like some other *Physicians* that are never hardly at home, but are always hurrying from place to place, and Galloping over their Patients, as if Diseases like Birds were to be Shot Flying. He Cures if you believe him and I am sure you have more manners then to question it, not only the *French Disease*, but almost all others incident to Mortal Bodies. Moreover, he hath got a *new Method* for the doing of this, he doth not mean by killing the Patient instead of the Disease, though that is likely enough to come
to

to pass, for that cannot be called *New*, that hath been the frequent Practice of such Physicians as he is, before he was Born. If any should say, was he able to perform such mighty things as he pretends, he need not be at the trouble and charge of dispersing Bills in the Street, he answers in the usual *Cant*, he doth it for the Publick Good, that all may know where to apply themselves with safety: Namely, to the *Footman-Doctor* in *Russel-Court*, as aforesaid. He tells you that Great Quantities of his Medicines have been carried into Foreign Parts, where they never fail'd to Cure, the *French*, *Spaniards* and *Indians*, and in all likelihood this, that is the latter part of the Story is true, because they they were never try'd.

We now come to *T—R.* of *Tower-bill*, for there he hath newly fix'd himself and I give this Notice of it, that all the Inhabitants of those *Hamlets* may be timely appriz'd of so able an Artist. I doubt not, but his own deeds will quickly sound forth his Praises better then I can. However I am willing to Contribute something towards setting his *Merits* in a true Light, the worse on't is that his Avarice doth somewhat Eclipse his Vertues; if you ask his Advice he'll ask where's your Money; no Penny says he, *no Pater-noster*; like the hungry *Jew*, he waits for the falling of that *Manna*. This *Good Man* hath for many years serv'd his Country in a threefold Capacity being a *Barber*, *Tooth-drawer*, and *Corn-cutter*, and now being willing to extend his Practice is become a *Pocky-Doctor*. It is no matter what Stories are told of him in his former Place of
Residence

Residence in *Westminster*, viz. That he is a Dangerous *Blunderbuss*, that he hath kill'd more than any *Demiculverin* in *Flanders*: But he us'd to Torment them First, with Strange Mixture of *Scammony* and *Sublimate*, so that those that fell into his hands were truly Patients according to the Original meaning of the Word, i. e. *Sufferers*, and glad they were at the Expence of their Lives, to get out of his Clutches; for the manner of Dying seem'd to be the Death, and Death itself a Deliverance from it.

*Quid non mortalia pectora Cogis,
Auri sacra Fames? ———*

The following Story is a sad Instance of this. Sometime ago, a Gentleman of the *West*, who had all his days been a true Bigot to *Venus*, upon his coming to this Town, went directly to the Play-House in *Drury-Lane*, where having glutted his Eyes with the Ladies, and his Ears with the *Poet*, he came at length to unbend over a Bottle at the *Rose*, and there he Crown'd the Sparkling Glas with *Cælia's* Health, as he call'd something in Petticoats that had given him a *Billet-Deux*, and you would have thought by the Tenor of his Language, that he had been struck through and through with *Cupid's* Darts, not unlike the Man in the *Almanack*. From thence he flew into her Arms as a Horse that rushes into the Battle, but as ill luck would have it, in the midst of his Transports, he was forced to leap out of the Balcony in his Shirt, escaping the Watch, at the expence of his Purse; and a few

E days

days after, the poor Bubble found himself warmer than he desir'd, and his former Imaginary Wounds now prov'd real ones: Upon this he apply'd himself to the *Doctor*, whose Character is now under Consideration, he presently undertook for such a Sum to repair the Breaches that were made in his *Tabernacle*, so he got the Gentleman's Mony first, and his Life soon after; for in a Week or Fortnights time, he freed him from the sordid Carcass of *Mortality*. This is *Felony* and *Murder*, first, to Rob a Man, and then to Kill him. It happened to him as it hath to many others; he dy'd of the *Doctor*, and not of the *Disease*: So much for poor Capt. S — only this may be added, that he took care that his Life, Credit, and Estate should terminate together; which some think is the best end a prudent Debauchee can propose, viz. to make his *Bread* and *Cheese* even.

It will now be convenient to have some talk with *Tho. Be — son*, I think his Name is so, in *King's-Head-Court*, in *Russel-Street*, in *Covent-Garden*, Student in *Physick* and *Astrology*. He tells you he resolves all lawful Questions whatsoever, the Particulars that are mention'd in his Bills are next to innumerable; he says, that by his hard Studies; he hath attain'd to those Secrets that were known only to the Antient Philosophers, viz. the *Arabians*, the *Hebrews*, he might have added *Colossians*, *Thessalonians*, &c. He appears in Print for the Publick Good, and to rescue that noble Art from the Hands of Quacks and Ignorant Pretenders. Bless us, said a Countryman upon reading his Bills, What

What a Man is this? nothing less then the *E*-
pitome of the Learning of all Ages; no such
 Matter said an old Neighbour of his in *St.*
Martins-Lane, from whence it seems he was
 sent Packing. This Fellow is but a young
 Journey-man *Button-maker*, and one of the ve-
 ryest Numsculls to look at, that ever God put
 a Gut into, he looks to be so Stupid, that you wou'd
 think it were a hard matter to teach him to
 Fetch and Carry.—We all took him for a Fool,
 'till by this Doughty Undertaking, he let us
 see that he had got a Knave under his Coat;
 he was in our Opinion as unfit to make a Con-
 jurer, as a Cow is to ride in a Coach, and
 yet this unlikely thing is come to pass.—Here-
 after I shall wonder at nothing, unless I hap-
 pen to see *Oxen* and *Bulls* fly about the Streets
 like *Sparrows*. Those that know him are not
 satisfy'd, that he can Write and Read, but if
 he can, it is the utmost Accomplishment that
 he can pretend to; he never was Master of
 any Learning, but the Natural Philosophy of
Covent-Garden; and yet for all this, abun-
 dance of *Footmen*, *Carmen*, *Cookmaids* and *Cham-*
bermaids, do haunt his Door, some for a Six-
 penny, and some for a twelve-penny Slice of
 his *Physical* and *Astrological* Judgment; he
 can tell the *Husband* whether his *Wife* doth for-
 tify his Forehead with Horns, and if she doth,
 who plants them, whether a Blue-Ribbon, a
 Blue-Apron, or the Man in Black; he can
 tell the *Wife*, how many Children her *Husband*
 hath got at other Folks Fires; he can
 tell the Love-sick *Maid* when she'll arrive at
 the Port of Matrimony; he can tell if you
 are

are under an *Ill-Tongue*, yea, and can cure you; in a word, he can tell you every thing but the Truth.—He'll Cure you of those Distempers that you never felt, and leave those behind that you never found before. Thus he goes on, continues he, gulling poor ignorant People out of their Money, and by the help of his Confederates, carries on such a rank piece of Rog——y, that I wonder no Justice of the Peace in the Neighbourhood hath yet thought fit to send him to *Bridewell*. Bless me, said I, *Bridewell*! is that a Place for an *Astrologer*. That can never come to pass according to the Course of the Planets, and so forth; and hereupon, I took occasion to speak a great many Things in his Praise, viz. that he was a Man of Letters, and could Read notwithstanding the Gentleman made a doubt of it, yea, that in some things he surpass'd the Antient *Philosophers*, with whom he modestly Compares himself, for none of them with all their Learning, and long Beards could make a Button, at least it doth not appear to us; so that, *de non apparentibus, et non existentibus eadem est ratio*. I added further, that his Skill in *Button-making* was no Disparagement to his *Fortune-telling*. *Gadbury* we know was no more then a *Botcher*, before he became Tenant to the twelve Houses of Heaven, and *Patridge* no more than a *London Cobler*, before he was made a running Footman to the Planets, yet both these Students in *Astrology*, arriv'd to great Eminency in their Profession; they were acquainted with every part of the Heavens, from the Nose of the Great Bear, to the ex-

tream

treem point of the *Dragon's Tail*, and by downright dint of Craft have got, if I may so say, the Devil and all; and says I, whereas you alledge that the Man I vindicate is extremely Ignorant, yet granting that, he may still be an *Astrologer* by Instinct; for I knew a Cow, whose Milk was Meat and Drink, and her Tail was Almanack to the Family.

N. B. That you may not mistake, there is a *Golden-Head* upon the Door, and a *Wooden* one upon the *Button-maker's* Shoulders.

I had almost forgot the *Women-Doctors*, let us pay a Visit to some of them, particularly the Old *Granam*, Madam S— formerly of *Morefields*, the most frightful Piece that ever Eyes beheld in the Shape of an Old Woman, having more Antiquity in her Face than all *Italy*, and *Greece* can pretend to shew, the *Crow's* Feet have taken hold of her Cheeks, and wrinkly Age supplies the place of former Charms; her Eyes are so far sunk in their Sockets, that they look like a pair of Dice in the bottom of two red Boxes; when she speaks it is with a hollow rattling Tone, having had a *P—y* Hoarseness these Forty Years; and though the weight and Guilt of her Years, have now brought both ends together, yet she'll tell you it is nothing but a Creek she hath got in her Back. She is as Toothless as a *Lamprey*, yet she knows how to put the Bite upon you for all that; she abounds with *Pomatums* and sweet Waters, and all little enough to qualify the poisonous Whiffs

Whiffs she sends forth from her Toes and Arm-pits, which would otherwise out-stink Ten Thousand *Pole-cats*; she cannot chuse but Kiss well for her Lips are perpetually bath'd in Oyl and Grease, and one would think that not a drop of *Water* had been laid upon her Face since the Parson sprinkled her at the *Font*. Age is Honourable one will say, and such a Character as this is contrary to the Rules of Humanity, as well as good Manners; to that I answer, that if her Gray Hairs were found in the way of Righteousness, no Man should have a greater deference for her Age than my self. But I have no patience with an old B——d it is high time for her now to dye, that the Devil may have his due; the great Business of her Life hath been to Debauch others, dealing much in *Country-Ware*, waiting for the coming in of the *Waggons* in *Holbourn*, drawing poor Innocent *Girls* into her House, under pretence of helping them to Service; many a Country *Lass* she says, she hath taken care of, bought her Shifts to her Back, Shoes to her Feet, put a Trade in her Belly, meaning the Drudgery of *Fly-flap*; and instead of going to be Servants they became Mistresses; the Officers of the Parish, had the Liberty when they pleas'd of scouring their rusty Hangers; she furnish'd them with the Choicest Goods in her Warehouse, and Mony into the Bargain, which she called *Forbearance - Mony*. But Publick Magistrates at last growing more stiff, and private Women

as she says, growing more pliable in their own Houses, Madam's *Seraglio* grew as Melancholy as *Westminster-Hall* in a long Vocation; upon this she thought it advisable to remove into the Confines of *Drury-Lane*, where she keeps the old Trade still Going, and that of a *Doctoresse* at the same time, and is particularly Famous for making very round *Pills*, and I am assured that within these few Years she hath Administred as many of them to her *Petticoat* Patients, as there are *Sheeps T---d* in a Country Common, and that with so much success that very few of them have Complained of any Ailments after they have passed her hands, nor could they do it, for want of Breath; so that she is grown a kind of *Reformer* her self, having purged the Hundreds of *Drury*, of more *Night-walkers* than all the *Constables* of the Parish; and yet there seems to be no miss of them in those Parts, you may have them if you are so disposed, of all sorts and sizes; from the *Royal Sovereign* down to the little *Frigat*, little indeed! That a Man will be astonish'd as well as griev'd to see meer Children so soon initiated in their Wicked ways, insomuch that they are rotten long before they are ripe; this puts me in mind of the *Parson's Jest*; when a very young Creature was brought before him to be Married, *Miss* look'd so innocent and so unfit for the Business of the Married State, that he asked her Mother, *Have you brought this Child here to be Baptiz'd?*

But

But to return to old *Granum*: Sometime ago an untuly *Porter* lay'd her *Posteriors* in the Fire, for giving him *Mercurial* Doses to that Degree, that his *Teeth* came out of his Head, as if they had quarrell'd with his *Gums*, and his *Nails* and *Finger's* ends had some Difference, and so parted: Upon this, the Man of Mettle swore he would make Tinder of her for the Devil; ay, that he would, but as good luck would have it, his *Resentments* were not quite carried so far, for he was content at that Time with a little toasting of her Tail: Now if we enter into the Merits of the Matter, this Lubberly *Porter* should rather have thank'd her for the Clemency of her Management, that being in her Hands he came off so well, and that she did not send him upon such an Errand as he never went on before, even to his Great *Grand-Father* in t'other World.

We have many other Ladies that far excel this old *Mumpsimus*, being as they tell us, not only Students in *Physick*, but in the Noble Science of *Astrology*, as every one knows them to be great Proficients in the old Trade of *Basket-making*, by often lying on their Backs, they are become familiarly acquainted with every Star in the Firmament, and can extort what Confessions they please from them, and as for the *Planets*, they are ready to serve them in every thing.

Mrs. D---n, who lived at the Sign of the *Slipper* in *Clarkenwell*, and who sometime ago was sent to *Bridewell* by Mr. Justice F---ler; for telling other Folks their Fortune, when it seems she could not tell her own, is now safe enough within the Liberty of the *Fleet*, and is very busie in Calculating his Worship's *Nativity*.

Mrs. M---gan, whom it seems some envious People reported to be Dead; acquaints the World that she is still Living, and lives where she did, in *Ayres-Street* near *Pickadilly*, and there she stands ready for any Service that you shall please to Command; she'll cast your Water and Calculate your *Nativity*; she'll tell you of such and such *Conjunctions* of the *Planets* when you were Born, but more certainly of some other *Conjunctions*, when you were begotten; she can resolve you all Lawful *Questions*, and in a Word perform *Wonders*: Her *Rattle-snakes*, *Crocodiles* and *Squirrels*, will fill you with strange *Idea's* of her Learning, her *Velvet-Scarf*, *Gold-Watch*, and *Diamond-Rings*, will convince you of her great skill in the Art of *Gulling*; nor is there any Magistrate in those Parts that dare meddle with her for fear of the Stars. Add to these *Susanna K---leus*, *Original Daughter*, as she calls herself, not an imperfect Copy, you must know, of *Doctor K---leus* in *Fetter-Lane*, *Anna Chard*, over-against the *New Church* in the *Strand*, and some Hundreds more of such *Female-Students*, up and down the Town, ma-

ny of whom have the Confidence to put out Bills; whereof I have now by me near twenty several sorts.

But leaving these as I fear God Almighty hath long since left them, and by Consequence that *Honesty*, *Modesty*, and the other Virtues that adorn the Sex; we'll pass on to a *Doctor* that overtops his *Brethren*, even as a *Tall Cedar* doth the *Humble Bramble*; I mean the Man of *Muckle might* that Cures Diseases upon the Spot. There's his *Remedy* for the *Gout*, that takes off all its dismal Pains, and Tortures and Cures it on the Spot. See the *Postman passim*.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic Promissor Hiatus?

Those Diseases that are *Ludibria Medicorum*, that have so much intrench'd themselves in the Patient; as to be Impregnable, that laugh at all the Efforts of the Physicians to remove them, he gives them no time to Capitulate with him, but makes them Surrender at Discretion, and if he gives no Quarter to the most stubborn, inveterate, or if you please *Gigantick* Distempers, then woe be to those puny Ailments, the *Head-Ach*, the *Tooth-Ach*, and the *Ague*, if they come in his way. To Cure upon the Spot, methinks is not inferior to those Miraculous Cures we read of, when a *Leper* was bid to wash and be clean, a *Cripple* bid to rise and walk, and it was *Dictum Factum*, no sooner said but done, some indeed may think that if there be such a thing as a miracle of Impu-

Impudence, here it is, and that this Fellow must have a Forehead of more then Common Brass to impose upon them with such Audacious Lies; but may his kind Stars deliver the *Doctor* from these Unbelievers, and may he always deal with those that have Faith, yea, great Faith, or else it will not do, be sure you remember that old Maxim, *Artifici in arte sua Credendum*. The Business of a Patient is not to dispute but to surrender himself up, and then he is sure to be dous'd according to the depth of his own Purse, and the *Doctor's* Conscience.

Sometime ago a Friend of mine brought me a Learned *Advertisment* that was inserted in *Applebee's Journal* of November and December last, in the following Terms. *A most speedy, safe and private Cure for the French Disease that ever was known, an Arcanham sent from God to relieve the distressed of both Sexes, so great a Treasure in Medicine, as exceeds all Estimation, it passeth through the Body like Fire, and Consumes the French Disease, even as Fire burns up Wood.* This *Arcanham* for the Good of the Publick, says he, and for the Benefit of his own dear self, say I, is Sold for ten Shillings: Upon this occasion he was very free with the Character of the *Arcanham Doctor*, he own'd indeed that he was a Stranger to this notable *Medicine-Monger*; but by the Politeness of the Stile, and the Exactness of the spelling, he reckon'd it was little Tom of Hockley in the Hole, that carries Guts to the Bears. Thus he thought to raise my Mirth

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by what to me seem'd a matter of Lamentation ; for thought I the Blemishes of this *Advertisement*, (which were indeed at that time many more then I care to observe) are not owing to this Man's want of Parts, but to his Parent's want of Mony or Grace, to send him to School; for who knows says I, what a Man he might have been; if he had had but a Learned Education; yea, if in his Youthful days he had scrap'd some Acquaintance with the *Spelling-Book*, or *Psalter*.

But to proceed, I have seen on *South-wark* side a Wonderful old Fellow whose Name I could not get, but it might have been *Bucephalus* by the size of his Head, the Hair of his Face is sufficient to stuff a Couple of Cushion's, and there is Room enough for a Plantation of *Lice* in his Beard; this Man walks about the Streets with a Bag of *Medicines* as big as a *Tinkers Budget*, with these he relieves the infirmities of Humane Nature at very Reasonable Rates; and rather then turn away a Customer, he will exchange a Dose of Physick for a valuable Consideration of Meat and Drink, the *Doctor* through the meanness of his Fortune, is forc'd to go on Foot, and carry his Shop upon his Back, which exposes him to the Ridicule of the *Horse-Doctors*, and those that Rattle about in their Coaches; for you must know that this Thing, called Prosperity makes Men strangely Proud and Insolent. Thus have I seen a rich Cutler, look down contemptibly on a poor *Grinder of Knives*, and a well-grown *Bookseller* of

of *Paul's Church-Yard*, upon one that sells Books at the Corner of *Pissing-Alley*; so a *Doctor* in his Coach looks down upon a poor Brother with his Wallet of Remedies upon his Shoulders. But notwithstanding this, the cheapness of the Commodity is a Temptation to several at Hap-hazard to make a Tryal of them; but as Cheap as they are, it often appears in the Issue that they were Bought dear enough; the Remedies of these Persons being much more dangerous then the Disease; those that deal in such Trumperies; do nothing less then throw up *Cross* and *Pile* for their Lives.

After him I must put you in mind of the Great *Dutchman Minbeer Van Dunder*, well known by his blew Cloak, and red Whiskers all over the Town, whose very Name and Mien are enough to frighten the Patient, if not the Disease. By the help of his Fellow-labourer *Jack-Pudding* he first gathers a Mob, then he Harangues them in the usual Quack-Language, setting forth the mighty Deeds he hath done, and what further he will do for the Love that he bears to the Inhabitants of *London*. *Salus Populi*, is the only thing that prevails with him thus to expose himself to publick View. Then he mingles before them near twenty Ingredients, and with that *Hodge-Podge* he will Cure every Distemper in Nature; this is Charging his Gun with abundance of small Shot, and some or other will hit. Afterwards he shews a great Number of Bottles and Boxes, with Medicines without, and per-

perhaps rank *Poison* within: Here be de *Fat* of de *wild Cock*, and here be de *Grease* of de *dead Man*, dis be good for dat, and dat for d'otber. And here be, said a *Dirty Fellow* in the *Crowd*, de *Tincture* of de *Moon's Horns*, de *Powder* of de *flying Toad*, de *red Pidgeon's Milk*, and then ran away.

After him comes *Alter Aureus*, Cor — s a *Til — b High-German Doctor*, Natural Son of *Wonder*, and the great *Esculapius* of the present Age, who is pleas'd to tell us, that at the earnest *Intreaties*, he might have made it *Prayers* and *Tears* of a great many *Lords*, and *Noble Personages*; or perhaps, as you'll think, out of meer *pity* to himself, is lately return'd into this *City*, the only *Emporium* in the *World* for *Quackery*, and is to be spoke with at his former *Place* of *Residence* near *Turn-stile, Holborn*. Where *Young* and *Old*, *Blind* and *Lame*, *Curable* or *Incurable*, may repair, and return again. *Amiffâ Pecuniâ* and *Re infectâ*.

I must now have done with these *Dunder-headed Physicians*, and make *Room* for the modest *Author* of the *Rectificator Vitalium*, an *universal Elixir*, if you take his *Word*, by which *Persons* of any *Sex*, or *Age*, however *Subject* to *Diseases*, may prevent their *Attacks*, *Cure* their *pernicious Effects*, and be preserved in perfect *Health* and *Strength* to exceeding *Old Age*, &c. Nay, it rectifies the *Passions* of the *Mind*, as well as the *Fluids* of the *Body*, subdues all *Inclinations* to *Intemperance*, and all *uneasiness* of *Heart*,

Heart, establishes a Train of steady and well regulated Thoughts, and a constant Chearfulness of Soul : But I must Conclude with an *Et cætera*, for the modest Author runs out near fifty Lines in its Praise, and I am not dispos'd to run so far after him. In a Word, it Cures every thing in the World, furnish yourselves with this and you need not trouble your Heads about other Remedies, it will mend every Drop of your Blood, inspire you with new Spirits, and thereby prolong your Lives to the tune of Antient Times, far beyond those later instances of *Gaffar Parr*, and *Gammar Scrimshaw*, it will send you to Heaven laden with Years, with snowy Heads, and furrow'd Faces, if you take care not to go thither in a string long before you are sent for; by using this *Catholicum* you'll obtain the Poet's Wish for his Patron, *Serus in Cælum redeas*. Moreover the Virtues of the *Rectificator* do not terminate upon the Body, but as you see by the Author's Words, do reach the very Soul. It regulates the Passions, Affections, Cogitations, and so makes a kind of new Creature, and I wonder that he hath forgot to tell us, that it is good in reference to this World and the World to Come. Well! Gentlemen here's the *Elixir* of Life, take a Dram, and down with your Dust. But after all some Persons are never pleas'd: Fie upon thee, said a *Countryman*, for an impudent Quack, thou say'st thy paltry Drops are good for every Thing, a certain Sign they are good for nothing.

N.B.

N. B. This with many other as pretious Remedies are to be had in *Heydon-Tard* in the *Minories*, by the Direction, as I am inform'd, of that Indefatigable Quack Mr. *M—tin*, and if they wont do, you may buy the same over again, *Mutato Nomine*, at his House in *Hatton-Garden*. : *Mr Marten is no Quack and you that call him so is a rogue: &c—*

Let us not quite forget the *Urine-Doctors*, or as they are commonly call'd *Piss-Prophets*, who upon seeing your Water can presently see your Ailment, as clearly as if they had been within your Skin: Our Adversary is forc'd to confess some notable Discoveries that they have made this way, upon his own certain Knowledge. *Magna est veritas et praevalabit.* One, upon Sight of his Water, was told by the Learned Artist, that his Liver being displac'd was fallen upon his Lungs, and so occasion'd great straitness of Breath; another was told, that his Spleen and his Heart were grown together, and so occasion'd Wind, Vapours and stoppage of Blood; and another, that his Kidneys were fallen down into his Bladder, and so stop'd his Urine. By the same Rules of Art he might have told another, that his Brains were fallen into his Breech, which occasion'd frequent Dotages, and great Confusion of Thoughts: Now in all these dismal Cases, the *Doctor* had a Remedy that would soon set them right, for by a strong *Vomit*, or a lusty *Purge*, he would it seems make these unruly Parts be glad to return to their proper Places, and not incroach upon their

their Neighbours any longer. Now] these are things far above the Pretensions of the College of Physicians, they are no more able to compare with these Men, then a dim Candle with the shining Sun in its *Meridian* Brightness; yea, some of the Fraternity have advanc'd further then all this, they'll tell you upon consulting your *Water* and the Stars too, not only what you ail at present, but what you shall ail ten or twenty Years hence; as an *Astronomer* can tell by his Science when a *Solar* or *Lunar* Eclipse will happen long before it comes.

One of the most famous of these *Piss - Prophets* is the *Frenchman* near the Market in *Spittle Fields*; by his former Trade it seems he was a *Weaver*, but for many Years past he hath practis'd as a *Water-slinger*, and a *Doctor*; He hath first a Shilling for Casting your *Urine* as he terms it, which some think he better deserves should be cast into his Face, and then four or five for a Packet of *Mundungus*, to prevent the Danger or heal the Disease, he hath found in it; by this Ingenuity, or as some call it downright Knavery, he hath got Thousands of Pounds out of poor People's Pockets. He need not wish with the *Roman* Emperor, *O utinam nescirem Literas*; for he is Illiterate and Ignorant enough of all Conscience, and yet he is in an everlasting Hurry and full Tide of Business, by People's flocking to him in Crowds to know their Doom from the Mouth of this *French Oracle*. It is pleasant to see how he puts on

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his

his Conjuring Cap, shakes the Bottle of Piss, then shakes his empty Head over it; and very gravely Pronounces, *Dis Person be very bad*, yes indeed, replies the Old Woman, so he is; hence he gathers it is a Man's Water, then he goes on, *Dis be de Man's Vater*, is it not, good Woman? Yes Sir, replies Mrs. Wifecre. Then he goes over his usual Catalogue in order to form an Idea of the Man's Ailment (the Doctor being utterly in the Dark, till by something or other in her Discourse he can strike a Light) *Here be de great Pain in de Head, great Pain in de Breast*, and if the Messenger says nothing, he goes on, and in *de Stumaach*; yes, truly says she, He is very ill in his Stomach, for he hath not eat a bit of Victuals these ten Days. *Me see very great Disorder indeed in de Stumaach, but me see also de Oder Parts I name begin to be affected.* That may be the Reason, says Nurse, that he complains so much of his Back, infomuch that he cannot sleep with it, hold, hold, says the Doctor, making use of this new Advantage that she had given him, *I am not come as yet to dat*, then he falls 'a shaking of the Urine, and peeping into it, says he, *Dis Man's Kidney be de worst I see dis Morning, me no wonder at de pain in de Back, great Pain, pouvre Man!* having now found that he had lost his Appetite, and that he was in constant pain and could not sleep, he says, *Dis Man be very much fallen away.* O Sir, says Gammar Doodle, he is nothing but Skin and Bones. He adds, he will fall into *de deep Consumetion*, if he no take care; but me vil give you some Stuff for
five

five Shillings that wil do great deal good. Thus having huddled over the several Parts of the Body, he comes at last to fix the Distemper according to the Hints he had received from the silly Woman, and after random Guesses of this kind, he is continually sending his Gallipots of Stuff, as he calls it, far and near among the miserably deluded People, and if he kills the Patient instead of the Disease, as it must often happen in this way of Practice, yet he matters it no more, then if he had fir'd at a Flock of *Geese*, but from a Doctor that is thus Compounded of Ignorance and Knavery *Libera nas Domine.* Infinite almost are the Tricks that are put upon this Piss-pot *Physician*, but nothing can put him out of Countenance; One brings him a Bottle of *Horse-piss*, and desires to know if the Gentlewoman whom she feigns to come from, is with Child; then the Doctor pours the Water from Phial to Phial, and when he hath Saddled his Nose with his Spectacles, he very narrowly examines it in the Light; when that's over, go, says he, tell your Mistress, *She be with Shild, and she be in de great danger to Miscarry, but me wil give you for your Money some good Stuff to strengthen her Back.* Another brings him a Bottle of *Cow piss*; the Doctor presently falls to Casting the Water and Pumping the Messenger, the first being only a Cover, the last being the chief Design; but the Go-between being so instructed, is strictly upon her Guard, at last by many roundabout Queries he wheedles her into some Confessions, viz. That the

Party liv'd much upon the Common, led a loose Life, stay'd out a'Nights; upon this the Conjuror is cocksure, as he thinks, of his Game; go, says he, and tell the Gentleman *me very sorry for him, he got de little Clap, and it will turn into de Grand Pox, if he no take de Tings me have to give him;* and when he hath been freely told that this was done by some merry Gentlemen to expose the vanity of his Pretensions to some Fools that admire him, and to give themselves an occasion over a Glass of Wine to laugh at him, he hath answer'd with the same Corinthian Forehead as he doth every thing else, *Me no matter dat, dey laugh at me, me win their Monee and laugh at them.*

In the next place I shall carry my Reader to visit the Famous *Doctor W---t* in *Wine-Office-Court* in *Fleet-street*. Our Adversary takes Notice that he was Originally a *Scrivener's* Apprentice and that his Knowledge in Medicine must come by Infusion, for there was no visible way for't; and it is certain that you can no more make a Physician of a Man that never had a Tolerable Education then you can make a Horn of a *Pig's-Tail*. This merry little *Grigg*, as I have been told, gives away whole Rheams of Paper in *Pocky-Bills* every day in the Year except *Sunday*, and there is not a more useful Man to the *Stationers*, nor indeed to the *Posterior*s of almost all Mankind in these Parts; so that if the Curses of here, and there, some miserable Patients

tients may follow him, yet we can easily weigh them down with Benedictions; for I am sure he hath the blessing of every Man and Woman that knows the Danger of wanting *Bumfodder*, or the Benefit of Clean Linnen, heres his *Bolus Energeticus*, which he says, is *Absorbing, Cleansing, Strengthening, Renovating*, yea, moreover it is *Cathartick, Emetick, Diaphoretick, Diuretick*. Which brings to my mind the Quack Advertisement of a smelling Bottle so often seen in the *Publick Papers*, that it is the *Greatest Cephalick Stomatick, Hepatick Aromatick possible*; thus like a String of Beads they tack together a Parcel of Gingling Words, being pleas'd with their *Musical Sound* though they do not understand their *Meaning*, on the other side of the *Doctors-Bill* there's his *Diuretick or Cleansing Tincture*, which he tells you will *Urinally Discharge the Pox with all its Putrid Faces*, that is as his Adversary observes it will make the poor Devil of a Patient to piss *Urinals*; he was not willing to add another Syllable, for fear of spoiling the sound, the *Doctor* loves to be short and Concise in every thing, his *Fees* excepted. But let us not torture his Words in the same manner as somebody doth his Patients; neither let us like a Fly, dwell upon a sore place; but rather pass on to something sound and solid, and that we may do it, we'll examine the *Encomium* that he gives his *Quintessence of Life* as he calls it very prettily. It is says he, *pronounced by all Physicians to be the greatest Restorative Cordial that Medicine can produce*;

duce ; in the last Decays of Life, it will supply the Vital Lamp with some Recruits, it will excite to Conjugal Intercourses where a Constitution is fallen into an Inability or Indifferency that way. It is the only Enlivener to those that have been worn out in Venereal Engagements, it will revive any Constitution that is not quite sunk into Rottenness, it will Replenish the Veins with a Warm, Generous, and Nutritive Blood ; where there is Fuel, that is, proper matter to work upon, it will infallibly kindle it. Now these are Nervous Strains, Masculine Lines, and no Orator can exceed them ; but how comes the little dapper Doctor to talk at this Rate, we use to say *nil dat quod non habet*, and yet here is something that comes out of this Man that apparently was never in him ; why, to unfold the Mystery, this whole Paragraph was borrowed from Doctor Q—y's Book with very little Alteration ; the same Words will serve well enough to recommend Different Remedies. Doctor Q—y indeed hath honesty told us how dangerous it is to meddle with these Medicines, and there's Reason to believe that many have fool'd away their Lives in trying Tricks with them : But *Mum* for that says the Quack, let them find it out ; my Business is to get a Guinea for my Bottle of Drops, and not to Publish, with a *Noverint universi* that they are Dangerous.

Let us now pass from this Renowned Doctor to another of the same stamp, a Brother of the Quill that Labours hard for the Increase of Mankind ; I mean the worthy Author of the

the *Vivifying Drops for Barrenness*, so often *Advertiz'd*, Drops that will inspire a Man with new Life, make an old Fellow of Four-score, as nimble at a certain Game as a young Rogue of twenty ; make old Trot bring forth more Sons and Daughters then she hath Teeth in her Head, and yet for all that this kind Benefactor hath the Misfortune to fall under our Author's Resentment, so that to be plain, he is against all improvement of our Land, an Enemy to the King, that would not have his Subjects to Multiply : but let us hear the Vertues of this Remedy in the Author's own Words. *Vivifying Drops for Barrenness in Women, and Imbecillity in Men, which renovate the Vital ferment of the Blood, rectify the Languid State of the Fluids ; restore Juvenile Warmth, potently Strengthen the Parts of Generation and Effectually promote Conception as* a very large Experience in private Practice Testifies, but, you must know that besides these Drops 'tis thought the Doctor is wont in his *Private Practice*, as he calls it, to Administer a pair of *Prolifick Pills*, which makes many a good Woman to Conceive without the help of her Husband ; be that as it will, these Dealers in Drops are very merry Fellows, and I am often diverted with their *Advertisements*. Let *Henricus ab Heer's*, give over extolling the *German-Spaw*, as Good against such Imbecilities as are here referred to : Let him no more with his *Dutch Latin* make a noise in our Ears, about the Cure it wrought upon an *English Nobleman* in that Case : *Illustris quidam Anglus quem MyLordum Nominant,*
 • &c.

&c. Let Doctor Baynard have done Rhyming
out the Vertues of his Cold-Bath.

*Cold Bathing bath this Good alone,
It makes old John to bug old Joan
And gives a sort of Resurrection
To Banish'd Joys thro' lost Er--tion
And doth fresh Kindnesses Entail
On a Wife tasteless old and Stale.*

These are nothing to the wonderful Virtues
of our *Drop-Remedies*, which one would think
are sufficient to restore Virility, to all the
Eunuchs in the Grand Seignior's Seraglio.

Says the aforesaid Author, Dr. B — d, I
have often pityed young, New-Married Gen-
tlewomen who have Sweat and Stew'd them-
selves in Hot Baths, Season after Season, think-
ing that the Deficiency lay on their side,
they were willing to undergo any Trouble
or Toyl in hopes of a great Belly, &c.
when alas the Fault was in the vile, and
wicked, Whoremasterly Husband, being Broke
and Bankrupt in his Bed-Tackle, but whether
it is the Master, or Mistriss that is in the
Fault, let them use but these *Drops*, and
they'll have Children as fast as Beggars. But
after all *Caveat Emptor* he will be sure to
loose his Mony if not his Health, or perhaps
his Life by such Experiments.

N. B. That in another *Advertisement* these as I
take it, are called *Chymical Drops* for founde'r'd Hor-
ses, &c. a few of them being taken into the Hor-
ses

se's Belly some Mornings together, *cum Regimina*, I suppose it must be, will make the Hoofs as the *Author* assures you, naturally to grow wide, and by Consequence his Shoes to fit easie, and fast on his Feet.

Some of these *Advertisements* are full of *Nonsense* as the Remedies are of *Poison*, so that I wonder said a Friend of mine, how in the Name of *Goodness* they get any to buy them; it seems that by their often Printing upon them they perfectly teaze them to it; just as *Irishmen* pick up *Mistresses*, who pursue them as Boys do *Quirrels*, till at last they run them down, and they fall at their Feet.

Come on Gentlemen, and we'll bring you another Renowned Operator upon the Stage, give him leave to speak, and he'll both Charm your Ears, and Clean your Teeth. The *Empress* of China's *Magisterial Dentifrice*, or the *Royal Indian Teeth-Powder*, a Thing so fine that in all the Cities of Europe there is nothing Comparable to it. It makes the Teeth white like the Driven-Snow, makes the Breath sweet like the very Musk, gives the very Lips an Admirable Coralline Lustre, imbues the Mouth with a Transporting Flavour, and gives I know not what Airs and Charms to the Countenance, in a Word, it is a Thing only fit for Princes. And yet for the Publick-Good, the meanest Peasant, that is Fool enough, is at Liberty to purchase it.

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This Man you must know was *Physician Extraordinary*; for he could be nothing less, to a *Late Chinese Emperour*, whose Name I think was *Xunchi*, where he had a *Salary* of several *Hundred Babars of Gold*, per *Annum*, and such *Great Advantages* besides as no Man can tell: every Day that he went to Court, he had a free Access to the *Empress*; a Thing very difficult in those Parts, and she made him privy to all her *Secrets*, and among others to this important *Receipt* of her *Dentifrice*: For the sake of his *Native Land*, he, *Good Man*, hath quitted all his *Chinese Revenues*, and *Honours*, and is come Home well *Fraught* with Love to his Dear *Countrymen*, and as an Evidence of it well *Furnished* with *Powders* to Clean their *Teeth*; so that if the *Inside* of our *Mouths* are not better looked after then they have been, the fault is purely our own.

I have another *Printed Bill* by me that I take to be as *Curious* as this *Advertisement*, it runs in these *Terms*. *An Excellent Remedy for Corns*; first *Invented* by the *Physicians* of the *Great Mogul* in the *East-Indies*, and now brought over by a *Gentleman* that hath *Travelled* in those *Parts*: It will give you *Ease* in one *Minute*, and in a few more it will perfectly *Radicate* them; Pray mind the *Words* from the *Root*, See here dear *Countrymen* what *Pains*, and *Toyls*, these *Good Men* take for your *welfare*, one hath brought you a *Powder* from the *Empress* of *China*, another

a *nostrum* from the Emperor of *India*, they Travel to the Ends of the Earth for a little *Galbanum Plaster* for your *Corns* and a little powder of *Poft*, or *Brick-Dust* for your *Teeth*.

Par Nobile Fratrum.

Now as Ridiculous as these Things may seem to One Man; yet they go down well enough with another, or else there could be no Incouragement to *Advertise* them for Years together; Certainly the short Legs of a *Louse* may wade the understandings of some Folks, and not be up to the *Knees*.

But after all, Commend me to the *Doctor* that hath often *Advertised* an *Antidote* against all the *Degrees*, and *Symptoms* of the *French Disease*, and after the usual Things said in the Praise of such *Trumperies*, viz. that it Cures with *Ease*, *Speed*, and *Safety*, &c. He doth moreover add, that it is exceeding pleasant to take, that it makes all *Constitutions* Smile in the Operation; so that as one said it is worth any Man's while to get the *Modish Distemper* once a Fortnight, if it be to be had for *Love* or *Money*, to enjoy the Benefit of so *Diver*-ting a Remedy. But many Persons I fear will be Deaf to all this, not unlike the *Adder* to the Voice of the Charmer, Charming never so Wisely; we must there-

fore in the next place find a proper Remedy for that defect of their Ears: Accordingly we shall Recommend to them the *Famous Drops for Deafness*, which if you take the Doctor's Word, will Cure to a Miracle, &c. and do such Feats as are far above the ordinary Force, and Course of Nature, though a Man be as deaf as the Stump of an old Tree, though he should not hear the sound of the biggest Cannon in the *Tower*, Queen *Elizabeth's* Pocket-Pistol, when discharg'd under the very Tip of his Ear, yet these *Auricular Drops* will soon recover his Auditive Faculty, that he shall hear as smartly as an Old fumbling *Priest* when a pretty *Woman* is at her Confession.

But it is Time that I should now draw towards a Conclusion, lest I should too much tire both the Reader's Patience, and my own. Quackery, said a Friend of mine, is now come to a greater Height than ever before. The *Colledge of Physicians* may be voted Useless, as the *House of Lords* was in the *Oliverian Days*; for you have a *Specifick* for every Disease, left to be Sold at *Toy-Shops*, *Cutlers-Shops*, and *Coffee-Houses*: *Physicians* by Education, and Profession, are but few in Comparison of the vast Numbers, that by an impudent Intrusion do now-a-days pass for such, and more are continually springing up in this Town, even as fast as *Pumkins* in a warm *Dunghill*. Many such Offenders were indeed Punish'd in former Times, and that *severely*, their Names, their Crimes

Crimes; their Punishment, are still upon Record in our Histories: Some *Urine-Casters*, some *Astrologers*, *Fortune-tellers*, *Seventh Sons*, *unborn Doctors*, some for pretending to heal by Charms, and the like Fooleries; others for Dispersing their Bills, and setting them up in the Corners of the Streets, for the Cure of diverse Diseases, and others for putting out Advertisements, that such and such Medicines were to be Sold at the Places therein named; but, continues he, these things are now acted in the Face of the Sun, and in open Defiance of the *Colledge Statutes*, and the *Laws of the Land*, to the great Scandal of the Art of *Physick*, and the great Prejudice, yea, Destruction of Hundreds, if not Thousands of his Majesty's good Subjects. These Banditti being the worst of Robbers, for either through Ignorance or Avarice they give no Quarter, but fire at you with a sort of Powder that makes no Noise but very terrible Execution. There's not a Trade, says he, so mean and Sordid, but hath the Doctor tack'd to it. *Physick* is become the Sink, to receive the Filth, and Off-scouring of all other Employments. *Ludere cum corio humano*, is a pretty Game they can play at, when all others fail them; and all this, says he, is owing to the *Colledge* not exerting themselves to Suppress them: Suppress them! says I, Come, come, my Friend, this can no more be done by their Authority alone, then you can Roast a Surloin of *Beef* by a Farthing Candle; no more then the late Lord *Haversham* could stop the Tide at *Gravesend* with his Thumb;

Thumb; but if they think they can do it, I
CHALLENGE them to try at it, and in doing
 for I make good, in some sort, the first part of my
 Title, which to tell you the Truth, I have never
 thought on, from the time that I first set it up
 at the Top, till this Moment that I am come
 to the bottom; I must now have done, Gentlemen
 I Greet you well.

F I N I S

